Sack-l General

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THE TRUE CAUSE OF A CERTAIN G—L OFFICER's CONDUCT, Lord George Sackvil ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST LAST,

IN WHICH

All former EXPLANATIONS are Explained away.

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MDCCLIX.

THE TRUE

C A U S E

OF A

CERTAIN G——L OFFICER's CONDUCT,

ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST LAST,

IN WHICH

BRITISH MUSEUM

All former MISTAKES are Explained away.

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LONDON:

THE TRUE

CAUSE

OF A

CERTAIN G——L OFFICER's CONDUCT,

ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST LAST.

MERIT and Worth has always been
The Butt of envious ſpiteful Men;
No wonder then that Gen'ral Sack——l
Should by ſuch Minds be ſaid to act ill;
Howe'er my Muſe has ta'en upon her,
To vindicate his Lordſhip's Honour;

To ſilence thoſe who Coward call him,
And ſhame all ſuch who ſhameleſs mawl him.

Monſieur *Contades*, then, came in Sight,
And *Ferdinand* began the Fight;
Mean Time my Lord, in diſtant Ditch,
Was ſquatting down with Naked Breech.
('Twas Belly-ach and Cold, not Fear,
As ſome Report, had brought him here.)
Who, while the Cannons roar'd from far,
Thought o'er the Conſequence of War;
How many each Diſcharge were ſent,
Laden with Guilt to Puniſhment;
For Officers and Men he knew,
A Murd'rous, Whoring, Thieving Crew;

And ſuch if any there are Slain,
Nor Peace, nor Pardon, can obtain.
Therefore, thinks he, it is my Duty,
'Tho' *Britiſh* Laws, perhaps, may ſhoot me,
To keep my Men from ſuch Commotion,
Howe'er they may reject the Notion.

What Zeal! what Courage Chriſtians have!
—He'll die himſelf his Men to ſave.
So thinking, with a Cartridge Caſe
He'd wiſely empty'd, wip'd his A——ſe;
Gets up, his Breeches Butt'ns, and then
Remounts and joins his Troops again.

Gladly they hail their Lord's Return,
With martial Fire their Boſoms burn;

Each

Each graſps a vengful Sword, and ſhows
A Terror to the diſtant Foes;
Not half ſo fierce the Helliſh Clan,
With Satan Tow'ring in the Van.
But what a ſtrange Reverſe took Place,
When *George*, with *Weſtley*'s Fun'ral Face,
Gravely deſir'd they'd ſheath their Swords,
And hearken to his Sober Words.
Sad Diſappointment dimm'd each Phiz,
Nor wanted there an angry Hiſs.

O Fools, and Madmen, thus to ſlight
A wiſe Intention not to fight;
My Lord would ſave his Men from Evil,
But they'd ruſh headlong to the Devil.

Each Man oblig'd, reluctant ſlips
His Sword in Sheath, and bites his Lips:
And now, all very Safe and Still,
His Lordſhip thus declares his Will.

" Whileom in yonder Ditch I eas'd,
" Chill Horror, all my Entrails ſeiz'd;
" Methought I ſaw the dreadful Gates,
" Where Tyrant Death for ever waits.
" My Ears were vext with peals of Thunder,
" (Such as ſtruck *Gabriel*'s Troops with Wonder)
" What Time the Portal's Back he puſh'd,
" And ghoſtly Squadrons thro' them ruſh'd.
" On t'other Side th' infernal Train,
" Bound each with adamantine Chain;

" And he, I found, was puniſh'd moſt,

" Who living fill'd the higheſt Poſt.

" My Horrors ended, when I vow'd

" Ne'er to head a damned Crowd.

" Therefore I beg, for Mercy's Sake,

" Some Pity on yourſelves you'd take;

" For Man's a Compound of two Natures,

" Mortal the Fleſh as other Creatures;

" Not ſo his Soul, nor Change, nor Time,

" Shall e'er diveſt it of its Prime;

" For after Worms theſe Skins deſtroy,

" In Depths of Woe, or heights of Joy,

" (As our Behaviour here may Merit)

" Shall an Eternity Inherit.

" Death

" Death with his Iron Bearded Pen,
" Indites the future States of Men.
" If ſo, let's uſe what Means we can,
" To ſtretch our ſhort extended Span,
" Nor ſhorten what's too ſhort by far,
" To fit us rightly for the Bar;
" Leaſt Suicide encreaſe our Weight
" Of Torment in a future State.
" Fighting at leaſt is wilful Murther,
" And ſuch black Crimes I dare not further,
" Fearing to ſhare the heavy Guilt
" Of all the harmleſs Blood that's Spilt.

So ſaying, with uplifted Eyes,
Addreſs'd the Sov'reign of the Skies,

" That Swords, Bayonets, and Spears,
" Be beat to pruning Hooks and Shares;
" That Cannons poſt the Streets along,
" And Powder in the Sea be flung;
" That Nation ne'er 'gainſt arm,
" Nor civil Broils our Land alarm:
" That Wars thro' all the World may ceaſe,
" And Earth enjoy Eternal Peace.

He ceas'd, reſolving not to ſpare
His Labour to effect his Pray'er;
Not like our Gentlefolks on *Sunday*,
Forget their Pray'rs before *St. Monday*.
Well may their Waggon ſtick awry,
If they no Whip, nor Strength apply.

His Lordſhip pray'd for Peace, and then
Remounted and led off his Men.
His Pray'rs his good Endeavours crown'd,
For not a Man can boaſt a Wound.

Well; after all the Good he's done,
What Fame, what Glory has he won.
The faithful *Abdiel* he ſtands,
Amid the hoſtile ſcornful Bands.

But as the Gen'ral is the Head,
His harmleſs Orders were obeyed;
For each (with great Reluctance) ſlips
His Sword in Sheath, and bites his Lips.
So eager are theſe Men to be,
The Butchers of their Enemy.

And well might ſuch Diſorders flow,
From marching much and living low.
Whileom Beds of Down he lay,
Eat ſtudied Dainties e'ery Day;
Regarded nought but Dreſs and Air,
And dally'd Nightly with the Fair.
But now in Foreign barren Land,
(So barb'rous *W*—— *P*—— has plann'd)
Raw Turneps are his daily Food,
And Water thins his richeſt Blood.
His Reſt the Fear of Foes prevent,
Tho' weary'd in his frozen Tent——
But ſtay, I hear my Reader's Tongue,
" Digreſſions ne'er ſhould be too long."

Well

Well then, remembering I have told,
His Looſeneſs was th' Effect of Cold.
I ſtrait proceed. The Proverb ſays,
With ſingle Lapis kill a Brace.
My Lord at once both eas'd and thought
With Grief, what Ruin Fighting brought;
How many wretched Souls were ſent,
Each Fire to endleſs Puniſhment.
From hence, I think, 'tis mighty clear,
That Conſcience, not the Coward's Fear,
Subdu'd his more than martial Spirit,
So Heaven Reward his *ſaving* Merit.

FINIS.

Well then, remembering I have told,
His Loveliness was th' Effect of Cold.
I frain proceed. The Proverb fays,
With fingle Lapis kill a Brace.
My Lord at once both cri'd and thought
With Grief, what Ruin Fighting brought;
How many wretched Souls were flain,
Each Fire to endless Punishment.
From hence, I think, 'tis mighty clear,
That Conscience, nor the Coward's Fear,
Subdu'd his more than martial Spirit,
So Heaven Reward his loving Merit.

F I N I S.